

Evening Telegraph

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED), AT THE EVENING TELEGRAPH BUILDING, No. 108 S. Third Street.

Price, Three Cents Per Copy (Double Sheet), or Fifteen Cents Per Week, payable to the Carrier and mailed to Subscribers out of the city at Nine Dollars Per Annum; One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Two Months, invariably in advance for the period ordered.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

SUPPLEMENT.

"Want of Decency is Want of Sense."

Most of our readers have probably seen Mr. Charles Reade's letter to the world in general, in reply to a criticism on his "Griffith Gaunt" which appeared in the New York Round Table. In that wonderful epistle we have exhibited how a man of talent, education, and literary culture can so far lose his temper as to descend into the lowest pit of scurrility, and revel in epithets which might have done honor to a fishmonger of Billingsgate.

Under just such a disadvantage has Mr. Reade unfortunately placed himself. We do not pretend to consider here what are the merits or demerits of "Griffith Gaunt." We opine that the criticism of the Round Table, although rather too severe, was in the main just; that the book is immoral, and a condemnation of it is merited.

Mr. Reade tells us that he intends to "collar" the editor of the Round Table and try him before a jury of his countrymen. That the editor of the Round Table richly deserves collaring, we have no doubt; but for the article for which the punishment is to be inflicted, he deserves anything but chastisement. He only expressed the views of thousands of moral people, and he only expressed our views. If we remember correctly, we stated several weeks before the Round Table that "Griffith Gaunt" was not fit for household reading. Possibly we may be collared also.

Mr. Reade will find by sad experience that to fling dirt at an enemy is no way to excite sympathy. Had he come in a manly, modest letter, and appealed to the right-thinking portion of our community against any supposed grievance, he would have received attention, and, if injustice was done, reparation. As it is, he has only estranged all the decent portion of the reading American world from him, and made them think that he is personally a man well fitted to write "Griffith Gaunt."

"And so, in the course of our labors, it has become our duty, in honesty and sincerity, to warn the reading public against a wicked, impure, and pernicious novel. The author has finally and fully witnessed the truth of our assertions by an inexpressibly disgusting letter. Many feel now that which they may have been in doubt about before, that, as a novelist, Mr. Reade has richly deserved all that has been spoken of him in these columns. Hereafter he will be watched most closely, while those who esteemed him for many things cannot but feel the greatest regret that any Englishman of his repute should prove himself a rowdy and a bully. It is to be hoped that his suit at law will bring to light some redeeming feature on his behalf."

A country correspondent of the Post Mall Gazette tells about a groom in his neighborhood who always stipulated with his employer that he should be allowed a fortnight a year to stay drunk in a week at Christmas and a week at Whitsuntide. Every third year he got himself dismissed by getting drunk at an unauthorized time.

A Woman as a Congressional Candidate.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, a lady not unknown to the public, has announced herself as an independent candidate for Congress in the Eighth New York District, in opposition to James Brooks. The Herald grows merry over the fact, and says:—"Mr. James Brooks is to be opposed, in the Eighth District, by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and is sure to be beaten. Besides the fact that an intelligent, handsome, and educated lady like Mrs. Stanton is a far better representative of this metropolis than an old woman like Mr. Brooks, we have yet to see an American who would be ungrateful enough to vote against his fair sex; and we consequently consider the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, M. C., a future certainty. If she cannot teach our other members of Congress to talk less, she can at least show them how to talk better."

Another thing in Mrs. Stanton's favor with the Democracy, is that she announces herself as a free trader, politically, while Brooks used to be a Whig, and may, therefore, be liable to a suspicion of unsoundness on the tariff question.

Cold Comfort.

THE Democrats are vainly endeavoring to extract some consolation from the recent returns. They are welcome to all they can get. Our majorities are large enough in every State for all practical purposes, while on the vital question of Congress our triumph is overwhelming. The November elections will all be one way. The Democracy cannot make as hard a fight anywhere else as they did here. The real contest was settled last Tuesday.

—Mr. Septimus Tennyson, a brother of the Laureate, died on the 7th of September at Cheltenham. Like other members of his family, he wrote poetry, or verse. "We know," says the Reader, "he had written much, but, with the exception of two or three sonnets contributed by him to the clever 'revived, Literary Gazette,' which perished after eight or nine numbers, and two or three pieces in amateur publications, we are not acquainted with anything he has printed. He was a gentle, trusting, lovable man, and all who knew him knew his great worth, and will lament his loss."

—Dr. Holmes, who wrote a poem—or, more strictly speaking, a copy of verses—which Assistant Secretary Fox, if that be the official title of the gentleman, read or presented to the Emperor of Russia, is making a sensation in St. Petersburg, where his verses were published as by Oliver Vendel Golms!

—Mr. Edmund Yates, at the last accounts, was at Bremer, the seat of the Earl of Fife. His new novel, "Black Sheep," promises to be widely read in this country, the New York Albion and Every Saturday reprinting it in instalments.

—Mr. William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, is in this city, correcting the proofs of his collection of "Southern War Poems," which will soon be published by Mr. C. B. Richardson.

—Mr. John R. Thompson, formerly the editor of The Southern Literary Messenger, and more recently a man of letters in London, is about to return to this country, after an absence of several years.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor contemplates lecturing again, we hear, during a portion of the fall and winter.

—The Emperor Napoleon will, it is said, commence the "Life of Charlemagne" on the completion of his "Life of Caesar."

—Mr. Wilkie Collins, who is reported to be threatened with consumption, is travelling in the South of Europe for his health.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle is running the gauntlet in the press in England and this country, on account of his recent letter in which he defends Governor Eyre, of Jamaica.

—M. Dentu is said to have paid one hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of publishing the "Exhibition Catalogue."

—Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., who has just returned from a visit to Europe, has resigned his office of United States District Attorney for Massachusetts.

—The health of Dr. John Brown is said to be so much improved that he is about to resume his professional duties.

—Major W. T. Thompson, author of "Major Jones' Courtship," has become one of the editors of The Savannah News and Herald.

—Mr. Charles Maclaren, formerly editor and proprietor of the Scotsman, died recently at his residence, Moreland Cottage, Grange.

—M. Jules Janin, the feuilletonist, has recently published a new novel, entitled "Le Tallisman."

—M. de Carne, member of the French Academy, is writing a history of Brittany.

—M. Prevost Paradol is about to publish a treatise on "Democracy and Liberty." It is political, of course.

—M. Victorien Sardou has written a new play, entitled Nos Bon V'agoois, which is soon to be produced at the Gymnase.

—The Faculty of Yale College have begun the year by establishing some new rules of a very commendable character. Students are forbidden to sit on the fence on the corner of College and Chapel streets, under penalty of receiving a certain number of marks, and they are also forbidden to collect on the same corner in a crowd of three or more. The custom of initiation is, it seems, also to be done away.

—Two women of the town attempted suicide in Boston on Monday by drowning. Maria Cavanaugh and Hannah McLaughlin were their names. After jumping into the water together, the spirit of the woman Cavanaugh failed her, and she screamed for help. Some sailors put off from a vessel lying near, and rescued Cavanaugh, but the other stubbornly kept her head under the water until she was too far gone to be resuscitated.

—A letter from Santa Fe in the Monitor states that General Mosquera, President of the republic of Colombia, has made that State a present of a magnificent statue of Christopher Columbus, which the Congress has decided shall be placed in the principal square of the port of Colon. The following verses of Seneca will appear on one face of the pedestal:—"Venient annis seculaque seria, Quibus Oceanus vincularum erum Latet, et ingens pateat tellus, Tethysque novos detegat orbis. Nec sit tervis ultima Thule."

—A man in Louisville who found out last week that he had been cuckolded, instead of making an unpleasant row, took his two children and furniture and changed his boarding place.

PRETTY ACTRESSES.

The classic taste for burlesque which has been so sedulously cultivated, has given rise to a set of performers who can lay claim to being original and primitive upon more grounds than one. That the species always existed we have sufficient evidence, but its developments take so strong and decided a part in the modern shape, that, except in wide lines, we cannot assume that the parent is altogether represented by the offspring. There are, of course, points of resemblance, but they are few, and not at all of a character to be particularized. Some of them we may touch upon, but others do not admit of disquisition. Without recalling the "palm days of the drama" to give an authority to the opinion, we are inclined to believe that there never was a time in the history of the stage when our actresses exposed themselves so much beyond the degree required for the honest purposes of their art as the present.

The female gentlemen of our burlesques display themselves in a fashion which indicates the level to which the profession has fallen, and the manner in which their saucy attitudes are applauded serves to show that they have indeed succeeded in making the taste by which they are enjoyed. When a famous French novelist, habitually dressed in a coat and trousers, it was said of her that the disguise would have been complete if she had only been a little more modest; and when a young lady now struts her plaudition dance, wriggles the jockey step, or flings the sailor's hornpipe, one is tempted to indulge in the reflection that the representations would be the more perfect for about as much reserve as would render them decent. It is not much for us to boast that our dialogues are free from the brutalities of Wycherly or Vanbrugh, if we supplement street music with gestures systematically unchaste, and encourage women as undressed as acrobats to illustrate by their department quite as much immodesty as would season a comedy of the old school.

The costumes worn by actresses in our burlesques are evidently designed without the least affectation even of coquetry. The singing chambermaid, with her apron and front pockets, moves in a legitimate circle of influence; her nods and winks are fair business; she uses a woman's grace to enlist our sympathies in her part, and perhaps slightly in her own prettiness; but it is quite another matter when she wears her pockets differently, when there is nothing for the sex to retire into, and when with an impudent daring she upsets at a strut every notion we might have had of that feminine sense which ought to distinguish a lady. It is a bad feature in the pretty actress, too, that in many cases, not only does she look to the gallery for applause, but she may occasionally be detected ogling a side box in which the occupant is carefully retired.

We are not the least concerned for the special repute of actresses; they have quite enough of advocates in the press. The critics have exhausted the epithets of praise upon them. Funny writers are fondly complimentary; writers the reverse of comic are solemnly tender with them—lugubriously affectionate. What the amount of virtue amongst them may be we have no way of determining, and a great deal of private virtue is quite compatible with the degraded viciousness of a branch of art; still the actresses are, beyond a doubt, spoiled into a style of exhibition which places them on the very confines which divide the pure from the impure; and if they choose to play there, it can do them no harm to learn the exact position they have been induced to assume.

It is possible we may be reminded of the "Garter" motto, but there is little faith now-a-days in the guilelessness of White Quakers, or in the flimsy reasons behind which any other form of imprudence disorbs. Stage Dianas may regard their Greek and natural integuments as quite consistent with the accepted reputation of the goddess, and in doing so may loop up a single garment until it is nearly as possible defeats the object of a garment altogether; but they must be prepared to have a second interpretation placed upon the mode in which the cold divinity is personified. We have seen a feminine Apollo within a few inches of being Belvidere, and a female Jupiter who could, with a slight chance, have appeared as Menkes. In fact, heathendom historically gets its face and legs against the innovation of clothing to within a tunic such as Mrs. Leo Hunter incontinently objected to. Even this tunic is being curtailed, and is following the wake of the bonnet of ordinary life. When the part demands a long gown, the invariable rule now followed in such a distressing case of obstructed talent, is to have the gown tucked to the knee at one side at least, and the strategems by which that side is kept towards the audience proves how genuis, even when trammelled, is able to take advantage of any little chance for the employment of its choicest accomplishments.

But it is not on the stage alone that our pretty actresses figure so attractively. Colley Cibber regretted the exigency of the dramatic calling by which the instant graces of the player were lost to the world; but he knew nothing of photography, or of the camera store of graces which the lady performers of our time are secure of transmitting to posterity. You may buy their portraits exactly as you have seen them perform. If there is a slight difference, the difference gives you the benefit of more than you noticed behind the footlights. The pretty actresses are fast driving the pets of the ballet to a desperate rivalry of attitudes. In truth, they have already done as much for the carte shops as English dancers; and it is only the Frenchwomen who can beat them on their own ground, and we must admit, give them odds. Nor are you left in the dark, having paid your shilling, as to the identity of the lady whose picture you may purchase. Not only do you get her name, but you are presented with the familiar diminutive by which she chooses to be set down in the bills.

Our pretty actresses desire to linger in the memory of the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent by those mingling names which denote cordiality and acquaintance. Once or twice a year an opportunity is taken of rendering this cordiality almost intimate; for the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent are invited to a bazaar, and at a small outlay can speak with the dainties, and stare at them to their eyes' content. So that there is no reluctance whatever on the part of the pretty actresses. Easy on the stage, free and easy in the

cartes, literal in their fascinations at special fetes, we cannot determine where this generosity will cease. We shall not imitate Matthew Prynne, and hint that the ripest or the cholera are judgments for the airiness and vivacity of those theatrical ladies, nor do we think any worse will come of their vulgarizing a noble profession than the fact itself of their debasing it; but the public will discover this in time, and the genuine artists will get to the front.

Women are by their nature fitted for the stage; but they are best fitted for it as women, not as improbable boys, or other questionable nondescripts. Female beauty, archness, and mobility can all be diverted into decorous and amusing channels, without being pressed into competition with that impudence whose professional exponents had once a gallery set apart in our playhouses. We perhaps owe all this to the introduction of spectacle; but there is a sort of crave for it now which must be regarded from every point of view as deplorable. The practice is imitated in a clumbersome style at certain music halls, and no entertainment in London appears to be complete without whole troops of young girls who cannot be intended for anything but exhibition, inasmuch as they have no idea whatever of dancing. The idiotic gambols in which they keep time to the music are painful to witness.

A thick-ankled Tagliani frowning heavily twice, and then, with immense and evident exertion, sustaining herself on one leg; or a would-be Cerito coming out with a flip-flap and a course of hops, and then running away with the grace of a Cochinchina fowl—such is the style of a modern ballet as encouraged at the singing taverns. The partners who engage in figures with these brilliant performers are got up like our pretty actresses, and never venture a jacket longer than that of a coarsiguard man. However, they are unable, in consequence of the law, to become quite as Olympian as the latter. Their diversions are limited to dumb show, but they make the most of the opportunities within their reach. It is really a pity to prevent them from emphasizing their sportiveness with the slang choruses and dialogues of the burlesque.

As far as intellect, refinement, or decency is concerned, there is no distinction between what they do and what the pretty actresses do. Both contribute the same degree of moral entertainment to the minds of their respective audiences. Both are encouraged by similar expressions of approval and gratification. The appetite fed by managerial enterprise at the theatres is identical with that which the music hall proprietors endeavor to satisfy. To be assured of this, we have only to watch the old boy, well padded and preserved, with his rictus eyes fixed on the stage while Diana exerts her attendant nymphs, and compare the pious and intelligent expression of his countenance with that of an honest old mechanic or shopkeeper who is making a night of it at a music hall, and ripping his dirty knuckles on the beer-damp tables while the premiere danseuse shakes her toe on a level with the top of his head.—The London Review.

BURNS & ATKINSON,

No. 247 South ELEVENTH Street, AND No. 1107 PINE Street.

- \$1-15 FRENCH MERINOES. \$1-10 2 YARDS WIDE ENGLISH MERINOES. \$7 CENT 1 YARDS WIDE ENGLISH MERINOES. 35 CENT VERY HEAVY SHAKER FLANNELS. \$4-50 10-4 ALL-WOOL BLANKETS. \$6-50 11-4 ALL-WOOL BLANKETS. \$8-00 11-4 EXTRA FINE BLANKETS. 1000 LARGE HEAVY SUPERFINE BLANKETS. 3 3/4 CENT EXCELLENT 1 1/2 YARDS WIDE PILLOW-CASE MUSLIN. 95 CENT BEST 3/4 YARDS WIDE SHEETING. 1 1/2 CENTS FOR GOOD CRASH. From Auction, several lots of Linens, Towels, Napkins, 2 able Linens, at less than regular price. D 14 mwasp

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

A Splendid Assortment in the Latest Styles. Special attention is invited.

M. SHOEMAKER & CO., Nos. 4 and 6 North EIGHTH Street.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

\$500,000,000 ARE PROMISED

To the Heirs of those who have taken Policies from the

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

\$30,000,000 Are Paid Annually into these Companies by the Assured.

THE SAFE AND WISE INVESTMENT Of these Funds is all Important.

SECURITY FOR ALL THE FUTURE is the first consideration in this business. Such Security, guaranteed by THE GREAT STATE OF NEW YORK, is given only by

THE NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This Company also gives a World-Wide Policy

N. D. MORGAN, President. T. F. MERWIN, Vice-President. J. W. MERRILL, Secretary. I. J. MERRITT, Actuary.

NELSON F. EVANS, GENERAL AGENT. PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

No. 434 WALNUT STREET.

Call at the Office, or send for Circulars. Three active business men, of good address, wanted for agencies.

MAISON D'OREE.

FINE OLD BRANDY.

FINE OLD WINES.

FINE OLD WHISKY.

FINE OLD HAVANA CIGARS.

MAISON D'OREE.

MAISON D'OREE.

MAISON D'OREE.

MAISON D'OREE.

MAISON D'OREE.

MAISON D'OREE.

No. 8 South BROAD Street.

W. H. HARRISON.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

If You Wish Real Fine and Strictly Pure

TEAS

AND

COFFEES.

At Lower Prices than Much Inferior Goods are usually Sold for, Go to the New Tea Warehouse of the

No. 21 S. SECOND St.,

AMERICAN TEA CO.,

BETWEEN MARKET AND CHESTNUT,

AND

No. 932 Arch Street, Near Tenth.

Every person in want of

FINE AND STRICTLY PURE

TEAS,

COFFEES,

AND

SPICES.

Will find it to their advantage to try ours. We guarantee to give satisfaction.

YOU

CAN

SAVE

FROM

25 TO 75 CTS.

ON A POUND

OF TEA,

IF YOU GO

TO THE

AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

No. 21 S. SECOND Street,

And No. 932 ARCH Street.

We import our Teas and Coffees, and can therefore sell much lower than most Stores in this line.

Our \$1-00 Black Tea is as good as the usual \$1-25 Tea.

Our \$1-25 Black Tea is as fine as the usual \$1-60 Tea.

Our \$1-50 Black Tea is the finest imported, and equal to the usual \$2-00 Tea.

Our \$1-25 and \$1-50 Japan Teas are superior Teas, and usually sold at 50 cents per pound higher.

Our \$1-60 Japan Tea, and our \$1-60 Oolong (Black) Tea, are the finest Teas imported, and usually sold at \$2-25 per pound.

COFFEE! COFFEE!

Our 40 cent Coffee is the finest Coffee imported, and considered by every person who uses it as fine as any 50 or 55 cent Coffee.

If you wish to drink real fine Coffee, try our 40 cent Roasted Coffee. Nothing finer to be had in the market.

Imported and to be had only at the American Tea Company's.

Our 30 and 35 cent Roasted Coffees are very fine.

Our Coffees are roasted fresh every day without water, lard, or grease.

All Goods Sold Wholesale at Cargo Prices, and Retail at Wholesale Prices.

AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

No. 21 S. SECOND Street,

And No. 932 ARCH St.,

PHILADELPHIA.